

Paul Grebners

31.

PROPHECY

Concerning These TIMES.

WRITTEN

In the Reign of Queen *ELIZABETH*,
Anno 1582.

Taken out of the Original Copy from *Trinity Colledge* in *CAMBRIDGE*.
with a Paraphrase thereupon, By a Person of Honour.

READER,

THIS Prophecy received from an Honourable Person, coming so opportunely to my Hand, I thought it but Duty to transfer it to the publick View; not daring to commit so great a Sin in the secret Concealment of a business of so general a Concernment.

Touching the Author Paulus Grebnerus, he was a great Astronomer, and a man of surpassing Piety, and known Integrity, whose Erudition likewise and excellent Endowments, have received a publick Character from this and other Kingdoms.

His Prophecy here need no Panegyrick; and a farther Amplification, by way of Apology, would prove impertinent where so many thousands have been so thoroughly prepossessed in the Truth of his Predictions.

In a word, Schismatics (that speak evil of Dignities and despise Prophecies) may perchance persist still obstinate; I am sure all Royallists will rest here well satisfied.

For my part, I shall therefore pray for the Conversion of the First, and Confirmation of the Last; wishing the one more Faith, and the other better Fortune.

Farewel.

Grebner's Prophecy.

Paulus Grebnerus was here in England with Queen Elizabeth, Anno 1582. and presented her with a fair Manuscript in Latine, describing therein the future History of Europe, here and there limming in Water-Colours some principal Passages.

Dr. Nevil, Clerk of the Closet, being in favour with the Queen obtained this Book of her, and bestowed it on the Library of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge, where it hath been published to the view of all persons, till about five or six years ago, by much perusing and ill handling it was much flurred and defaced.

In his Predictions,

He describeth the Troubles of *Russia*, and the Election of a Swedish King *SIGISMUND* by name, to be King of *Polonia*, by which he shall irrecoverably lose his own Inheritance.

That of the Swedish Race there should be one *GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS* by Name, that should take heart from the Distractions of Germany to invade the Empire with a small Army; fight many Battels prosperously, but should at last perish in a pitch Field.

A

That

That about that time should Reign *Rex Septentrionalis nomine CAROLUS*, qui ducit *Uxorem Mariam Papisticam*, ex quo evadet *Regum infelicissimus*. Tunc *populus ipsius Ditionis* eliget sibi alium Imperatorem, Comitem; qui durabit in Imperio tres annos aut circiter. At postea idem *Populus* eliget alium Imperatorem Equitem, non ejusdem Familiae nec Dignitatis, qui detrudet omnia sub pedibus suis: durabit aliquantò longiore tempore: & post hunc eliget nullum.

Post hunc apparebit quidam *CAROLUS* è *CAROLO* descendens, cum immensa Classe in Litore Ditionis Patris sui, & cum Auxiliariis Danicis, Suedicis, Holandicis, Francicis posternet Adversarios suos, & administrabit Imperium perselicissime, & longè latèque dominabitur, & erit *CAROLO* Magno major.

Englished thus,

About that time a Northern King shall Reign, *CHARLES* by Name, who shall take to Wife *MARY* of the Popish Religion; whereupon he shall be a most unfortunate Prince. Then the People of his Dominion shall chuse to themselves another Commander [or Governour] viz. an Earl; whose Government shall last three years or there about. And afterwards the same People shall chuse another Commander [or Governour] viz. a Knight not of the same Family nor Dignity, who shall trample all things under his Feet: He shall endure somewhat longer time: and after him they shall chuse none at all.

After him shall appear one *CHARLES* descending from *CHALES*, with a mighty Navy, on the Shore of his Father's Kingdom; and with Aid from *Denmark*, *Swedeland*, *Holland*, *France*, shall overthrow his Adversaries, and shall govern his Kingdom wonderful happily, and shall bear Rule far and near: and shall be Greater than *CHARLES* the Great.

A Short Paraphrase on the Fore-going Prophecy.

HOW well could *Grebner* in those blind Times see!
And in these seeing-Times how blind are we?
Our *New-found-Lights* are lost; those *squint-ey'd-elves*,
And purblind *Seekers*, may now seek themselves;
Who have thus err'd, imagining Prediction
Of *Sacred Prophecie*, but some feign'd Fiction.

But we (blest *Grebner*!) who have still admir'd,
And look't upon thee as some Soul inspir'd;
Will hold thy *Saws* no longer in Suspense, (Sense;
Which now w'have reach't with th' Opticks of our
Since what was once *Apocalyps* is known
The unrid'd Truth of *Revelation*.

Those two grand *Champions* (that trode on the Neck
Of Nations, and had Kingdoms at their Beck)
Are both extinct; and Fame can only give
A bare Relation that they once did live.

But Thou Renowned *Charles*, whose matchless Fate
Design'd Thee a *Victim* to the Peoples Hate;
(Maugre the Malice of Thy Foes) wer't hurl'd
With *Hallelujahs* from the wondring World,
A Conqueror o're thy doom; from whence we may
Infer, thou only liv'd'st, we di'd that day.

And now look back, look back, and have recourse,
From whence these streams of mischief had their source,
Whiles those promiscuous *Hodg-podg-powers* oppose,
Like high-swoln floods that River whence they rose,

The *Eagle* thus dislodg'd; a *Wren-like* race
Of *Dunghil-Dors* soon pierch't up in His place.
And *Lapwing-Liberty* e're fledg'd takes Flight,
First hath her *Champion-Earl*, the next a Knight,
Whose heavy pressure hath so imp'd her Wings,
She hath lost by *Consuls* what she got by Kings.

And now (but Life's in *Prophecie*) we might
Die, and despair to see thy *Second Light*,
Great *Charles* who like the *Bridegroom* of the day,
Shalt gild sad *Britain* with thy glorious Ray; (new
Whiles all those Shower-shot Mushrooms, and those
Created Brats melt like the Morning Dew;
And all those *Ignes Fatui* shrink and run
Like Exhalations at the Rising Sun.

This is the With Great King and Pious Care
Of those who piece-forth *Prophecie* with their Prayer;
O may Blest *Grebner* be added to the Small
Prophets! and prove each Line *Canonical*;
Whiles what in th' old *Queen's* Reign he did divine,
May be fulfil'd and ratifi'd in Thine:

O may'st thou Reign in thy known Realms who art
Inthron'd already in thy Peoples Heart! (whole
O may'st thou rule! and spend thy Fame through th'
Earth; from the *Arctic* to th' *Antarctic* Pole.

Till the just World with *Grebner* shall maintain
Thee a mightier Monarch than brave *Charlemain*.

F I N I S.